

Shedding the Skin of Past Lives

by Jerry Ratch

I bow my head
and shed the antlers
of past lives
I no longer butt heads
with the universe
but I miss my curse
and can't do worse

I throw myself in reverse
and rehearse the early scenes
of science and my
full meat diet
that sent me into
inner space
and the intentional
human race

I'm here to erase
the memories of the past
I'm here to deface
vast inner Buddhas
but not with cannon
not with rope
and rocket

but hope in the future
and with trust in the workings
and untapped searching of youth

I was once told
I can't take the truth
Screw that
I can take the truth

